

The Country Girl's Policy : Or, The Cockney Outwitted.

To a pleasant new Tune.



ALL you that are to Mirth inclin'd,
come tarry a little while;
Pray read it once, I do not fear
but that it will make you smile.
The *Londoners* call us Country Fools,
and laugh at us every Day;
But I'll let them know, before I have done,
we know as good Things as they.
A jolly young Girl in *Hertfordshire*,
that had lately learn'd to dance,
In less than the Space of one whole Year
she lit of a Child by chance.
Being very poor, this cunning Whore,
upon a certain Day,
Resolv'd was she the City to see;
so to *London* she took her Way.
With an old Straw Hat, and Tail pinn'd up
with Dirt instead of Fringe,

Not long ago this cunning Slut
did come to the *Royal-Exchange*,
With the Child in a Basket under her Arm,
close cover'd, as it's said,
With a clean white Cloth, and at each End
hung out a Goose's Head.
She saw two Stockjobbers standing by,
she then to one did say,
Gaffer, what stately Church is this,
come tell to me I pray.
The other to her smiling said,
how like a Fool you talk;
This is no Church, it is the *Change*,
where all the Merchants walk.
Is this the *Change* good Sir, she sai',
a glorious Place it be;
A finer Place in all my Life
I never before did see;

I'll warrant ye there's fine Chambers in't,
as you and I do live,
And if you'll let me go and see,
a Penny to you I'll give.
The one said, Your Basket I'll hold,
and tarry here below,
While my Confort goes up with you,
the Chambers for to show.
She answered, I am afraid
that, when I do come down,
You will be gone, I wou'd not lose
my Basket for a Crown.
I am not such a Man, he said,
and that I'd have you to know:
She gave it him, and with her Guide
she up the Stairs did go.
She view'd the Pictures very fine,
and did them much admire;
He soon dropt her, she down Stairs run,
and after him did enquire.
She went up to a Merchant then,
Good honest Man, said she,
Did you not see a thick, tall Man,
that had two Geese of me?
Alas, he said, poor Country Girl,
our Cocknies are too quick;
Go home, and tell your Country Fools
of this fine *London* Trick.
She stamp'd, and cry'd, thus to be bit,
would make a Body swear
Never to come to the *Royal Exchange*
again to sell their Ware.
For by a couple of cheating Rogues,
alas, I am undone:
She gave a Stamp, and laugh'd aloud,
and then away did run.

The Second P A R T.

To the same Tune.

BUT now we'll to the Jobbers turn,
who thought they had got a Prize;
They stept into an Alehouse,
and sent for both their Wives:
They told to them the Story,
with Hearts both merry and light;

Said they, We'll have a Frolick on't,
and roast them both to Night.
The Women cry'd, No, one at a time,
and the farther they will go;
the other we'll have at another House,
and order the Matter so.
Thus they began to jangle
and fret on either Side;
But all this while the Basket stood,
without ever a Knot untied.
Then opening of the Basket,
as I the Truth unfold,
there did they find a curious Boy,
just about five Weeks old.
The Women flew in a damnable Rage,
O how they did scold and curse!
Instead of a Cook, ye Rogues, said they,
you must run and call a Nurse.
The one said, this is your Bastard, Sirrah,
you've had by some common Whore:
If this be your Geese, you Rogues, said she,
I ne'er shall love Geese any more.
The one she kick'd the Bottle down,
the other wipp'd up the Glas,
And after she had drank the Beer,
she flung it and cut his Face.
There was helter skelter, the Devil to pay,
O how the Pots did fly!
Just as they were in the midst of the Fray,
the Child began to cry.
There were Clouts and Basket all beshit,
such Sights are seldom seen;
I hope it will learn them both more Wit,
how they meddle with Geese again.
They put it out for three Shillings a Week,
which is Eighteen-pence a piece,
Which they pay every *Saturday* Night,
in remembrance of their Geese.
Come, here's a Health to the Country Lads,
I think she was not to blame:
If she has but the Wit to take care of her
she may pass for a Maid again. (Twar,

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